

But I shall weary your patience,
or at least trespass on your time.

I intended only to express such
gratitude as words may, for so kind
ly remembering me with the beau-
tiful picture and excellent likeness
of your and every body's friend,

George Thompson... and then
to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Garrison,
Ever, and I trust forever and ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours
Parker Pillsbury.

"To the Past, go more dead faces,
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them, entreat us,
Every year.

* * *
"Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year."

There is one more strain which redeems the
gloom, chases away the sadness:

"But the Inner Life draws nigher
Every year;
And its Morning-Star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens, lighter,
And the Dawn Memorial, brighter,
Every year."

Concord, N. H.

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Nov. 15 1887

My dear Friend Garrison-

It is truly a wonderful
and life like picture you have sent me!

I am complimented, I am honored by
such a gift. And from such a source.

No suitable return on my part,
is possible. Accept unspoken, un-
written, unwritable thanks.

It was in 1850 that I first
saw George Thompson. It was at your
house, at that time in Dix Place, or
some other place; and Mr. Hoovey, Mr. Fran-
cis Johnson and perhaps one or two others
besides myself, were invited to meet
him at breakfast.

The Picture shows him
just as I remembered him. And as I
would ever remember him.

But what changes, in almost thirty
years! Changes in him, in all of us!

That beautiful eye, brilliant,
at times, piercing as an eagle's, had to be-
come dim; to be sealed down in death!

And how many more of us, since 1850!
And many who remain, rather most of us
who remain, for there are not many, are
hastening in our march the same road.